

# The Evening World

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## THE MIRACLE OF TO-MORROW.

**T**HE FLIGHT over the Alps from Switzerland to Italy by Jean Bielovuci, the Peruvian aviator, has been received by the world without excitement, almost without interest. Yet when Chavez made the venture and came to his death in the moment of success, the feat was a world's wonder and the death a world's sorrow. So swiftly in our time does the miracle of yesterday become the commonplace of to-day. Not less swiftly, too, perhaps may come the miracle of to-morrow, the long flight over the ocean.

The venture is not a dream. Practical men are working at it with an energy in which the ardor of adventurous hearts is added to the force of ambitious brains. Some are making dirigible balloons; others aeroplanes of great size to be driven by engines of extraordinary power. Daring men are continually practicing the management of the various craft and acquiring more and more control of themselves as well as of the machines. So they approach every day nearer to the time when some one will feel sure enough to make the dash for the great adventure. Imagination of victory inspires them and death on the enterprise appears to them as a glory rather than a grief. The first thing Bielovuci did after releasing himself from the shouting multitude that hailed his descent after over flying the Alps was to go and cover with flowers the tomb of Chavez. What honor will be too great for him that first crosses the Atlantic through the air?

## INBREEDING SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION.

**M**OST of the recommendations made by the committee on school inquiry are of a character so technical their value can be appraised only by persons having a practical knowledge of the workings of the school system. There are some important statements, however, that appeal to common sense. Among these is the charge that the present system of control is subject to the defect that the persons engaged in supervising and administering the schools are themselves the product of the very system they are called upon to direct.

Thus the Board of Superintendents is immersed in administrative detail, having no contact with the pupils and, therefore, no immediate experience with the working of the rules they prescribe, yet they insist the rules be rigidly enforced, giving the teacher no latitude for initiative or originality of instruction. Moreover the committee found that teachers and superintendents did not wish it known they had given information upon which criticisms have been based. They were afraid it would endanger their standing and chances of advancement.

In short the schools are suffering to some extent at least from a defect common to all bureaucracies, that of a sort of inbreeding of control. No one can advance save those that favor the system. An evil of this kind grows rapidly. There should be some way to check it at once.

## MARRIAGE MADE SAFE AND SANE.

**S**T. LOUIS has a woman who solved the marriage question for her sons by training up servant girls in the home so that after five years they were fitted to be wives; then she married the girls to the boys, and they have lived happily ever after.

This method is wiser than any so far advocated by marriage reformers and supporters of eugenics, for it avoids the objectionable requirement of a physical and a financial investigation of the conditions of the candidates for matrimony before a license is granted. Moreover it solves more problems than one. Its general adoption would assure the continuance of the home, for it could not be carried out in a flat. In addition it removes most of the perplexing factors from the servant girl problem, puts an end to indiscriminate flirting, encourages housekeeping among girls and saves youth from the dangers of going to summer resorts in search of a wife. Here are many evils avoided by a single process. The plan, therefore, may be looked upon as an ideal one, provided legislators can be made to keep their hands off it and not try to enact it into law.

## THE HAUGHTY BOSS AND THE BRICK THROWER.

**P**ROSPECTS are good that before the week is over we shall be rid of most of the strikes that have tormented the new year. Thousands of dollars have been lost from what should have been the earnings on both sides. In some cases, too, the loss has been much more than money. Therefore a heavy price has been paid for whatever good is to follow the settlement of the disputes, and it is not too much to expect that a part of it will come to us in the form of a larger amount of common sense among the leaders in dealing with similar troubles in future.

It was very foolish on the part of strikers to resort to any kind of violence or menace whether by the throwing of bricks or the calling of insulting names. It was equally foolish on the part of employers to refuse to treat with labor organizations, or to receive their representatives. This is where arbitration even if compulsory would almost surely produce good results, for in the face of public opinion arbitrators would not sanction the obstinacy of the employer any more than the police sanction the violence of the striker. These are familiar truths, but perhaps some day they will not breed contempt.

## Letters From the People

To the Supreme Court.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
To whom should I apply to have my name changed?  
A. G.

A Reader Hint.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A reader asks how to make shaving less painful. I have had my own troubles for five years with the same kind of a beard you speak of, and always wanted to give up shaving. But one day, watching a man stropping a razor,

I found out instead of stropping I had been rubbing my razor, and this might be the same with the writer. It probably does not know how to strop his razor. Another thing, give the strop a brush of lather once in a while, but rub it into the strop.  
W. E. P.

Yes.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Was President Andrew Johnson impeached?  
G. C. A. Tomlin, N. Y.

## Jugged!

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By Maurice Ketten



## The Jarr Family

Mr. Jarr Wants a Raise. What's the Answer? What's the Usual Answer?

with even deeper feeling. "It isn't the services to this firm. They realize you have great personal influence with the way. No, the board of directors are trade. The directorate realize what a fully aware of the great value of your loss we would sustain if you left us."

**Sayings of MRS SOLOMON- BEING THE CONFESSIONS OF THE HUNDRETH WIFE TRANSLATED BY HELL ROWLAND.**

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**M**Y daughter, come not unto me saying: "How many times can a man truly love?" For I say unto thee he can love seven times seven women in seven times seven ways. ALL AT ONCE.

But in love, as in soda water, every woman clingeth unto one choice; and whether it be sarsaparilla or flirtation she preferreth it CONCENTRATED.

Lo, when a woman hath set her heart upon ONE man, she is blind and deaf and mute to all others.

Yet what man cannot flirt with a butterfly while he converseth with a suffragette and holdeth the hand of a chorus girl?

Behold, his heart is like unto a block of Neapolitan ice cream in its infinite variety; having a layer of flirtation, a layer of platonic friendship and a layer of grande passion.

For one woman relieveth the monotony of another, even as chocolate relieveth the insipidity of vanilla and platichio the sweetness of strawberry.

Yet I charge thee beware of a man who scorneth flirtation and feareth sentiment. For he is a poor sport.

A TRUE sportsman taketh chances in the love chase, as he taketh fences in the hunting field.

He gallopeth at full tilt down the field of dalliance and taketh a cross-cut unto a flirtation.

He hurdieth over a proposal without BALKING and avoideth a trap without coming a cropper.

He attendeth not his flatteries, nor stilteth his sighs.

For he delighteth in seeing how NEAR he can come to being captured, and yet ESCAPE.

Yes, he floateth in his self-complacency. He feeleth SO safe.

Yet, in time, there shall come his way a simple damsel with a baby face and the ways of a fox.

## The Jarr Family

Mr. Jarr Wants a Raise. What's the Answer? What's the Usual Answer?

Personally—well—need I repeat the warm personal regard I have for you? In my attitude—in the attitude of the board of directors—there is nothing personal. But what could we say to our stockholders?

"Stockholders?" repeated Mr. Jarr. "What have they got to do with my getting five dollars more a week?"

"Do you remember the Equitable scandal?" asked Mr. Jarr's boss in a hushed whisper. "Who was it made the row? It was the policy holders. They thought money was being wasted in entertainments, in extravagant salaries. The newspapers took it up. And, sir, since that time anarchy has reigned!"

"Starvation is reigning so far as I am concerned," said Mr. Jarr.

"I will take the matter up in due course," said Mr. Jarr's boss, beginning the question. "I will go into the matter again. You have put in a written memo in 'e matter'."

"Yes, and it's been filed," said Mr. Jarr, morosely.

"Our file index system, all steel and strictly up to date, cost us a small fortune to install," explained Mr. Jarr's boss. "It costs something to run a big business these days. In fact," here the boss sank his voice to a tense whisper, "we face a deficit."

"Mr. Jarr, as a loyal employee, how could you virtually face us with an ultimatum in this hour of our financial stress? Why, we will need several extra meetings of the board of directors, and each meeting means a director's fee of \$20 for eight directors, before we can decide upon anything to add to our overhead charges!"

"Well, I've got to have five dollars more a week or I quit you flat and go with the other concern," said Mr. Jarr desperately. "I might suggest that you hold fewer directors' meetings and pay a little better salaries."

"Why, Mr. Jarr, I'm surprised at you!" cried his employer. "This business is most conservatively managed. We never rush into any matter of increased expenditure. Why, sir, when I wanted my office refitted and refurnished—here the boss look admiringly at his glass topped mahogany desk, the red morocco chairs and the Persian rugs upon the floor—"the board of directors exacted an itemized statement before they would O. K. the voucher!"

"Oh, to the dickens with the board of directors and the stockholders! Stop passing the buck!" growled Mr. Jarr.

"But, Mr. Jarr! Mr. Jarr, really! Would you expect us to do business without conducting our affairs along the lines of co-ordination and efficiency? Did we not pay an Efficiency Engineer \$15,000 to systematize our business? And did not he cut out a waste of \$20 a year?"

"Yes," said Mr. Jarr, bitterly. "That was the raise that was promised me six months ago!"

"There, you see!" said the boss. "How can we increase it?"

## Chats With Great Men of the Civil War

By Mrs. Gen. Pickett

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### 9—GEN. WADE HAMPTON.

**W**ADE HAMPTON was an aristocrat by birth and education—a man of elegant presence, handsome, graceful, genial and courteous. He told me that one of the earliest lessons he received from his father was that of politeness.

"My son," he said, "Gen. Washington never allowed the humblest slave to surpass him in courtesy, and he always tried to take off his hat first."

Gen. Hampton owned a number of slaves and had inherited immense wealth, but lost it all by the war and was compelled, much to his grief, to take advantage of the bankrupt law.

"The South will never forget your devoted service to her cause," I said presently, when the conversation turned upon the Confederacy.

"Perhaps the greatest service I ever did for the Confederacy from my enlistment in South Carolina to my surrender with Johnston's army was when I captured about twenty-five hundred head of cattle, securing a square meal to at least a part of my people. In the beginning of the war your husband's term as a private was about as long as mine."

"I didn't know that you were ever a private," I answered. "But my General enlisted one day and was commissioned the next."

"Mine was a little longer. I volunteered as a private. But before my company was accepted I was given command of a brigade. Your General, too, knew what it was to be proud of his command. Mine was unique, composed of infantry, cavalry and artillery. And, as you know, it was called the Hampton Legion. In the battle of Seven Pines it lost almost half its numbers, so I know a little of what your General felt after Gettysburg."

"You knew, didn't you, that I received three wounds at Gettysburg? After that campaign I was put in command of cavalry under Stuart, checked Sheridan at Trevilian's Station in '64 and broke up Hunter's campaign by preventing Sheridan's junction with Hunter at Lynchburg. In one of those cavalry raids the great sorrow of my life came to me—one that I shall never get over—the loss of my boy, who was killed."

"I have lost a little boy and know that such a sorrow never passes out of life. It is a grief over which time has no power."

"Ah, madam," replied the General, "you have never lost a grown son, the idol of your heart, the apple of your eye. My only consolation is that I know that the cause for which he fell was a just one. I was opposed to secession, but knew only obedience to the sovereignty of the State, and felt that my own beautiful State was the noblest, grandest commonwealth of them all."

"I love South Carolina, General," I said, "but I love Virginia, the Old Dominion, more. And from babyhood my old black mammy used to tell me how our State antedated all others and was especially distinguished when 'de Lawd meked man en gin him de Ole Dominion'."

He smiled and said: "What a wonderful people they were! I loved them as slaves and shall try to meet them squarely as my own lawmakers."

Gen. Hampton had one of the most ovable natures. No word of bitterness or resentment was ever hurled at his adversaries. He never spoke of the war but with sorrowfulness; nor even talked of Sherman, who had burned Columbia, his home city.

"You were in command at Columbia," I said, "when Sherman burned it, were you not?"

"I try to think of that as an awful dream," he replied, "and I don't want to remember or record such acts as those of our army, our countrymen. And during my long service in Congress I have tried to suppress all sectional hatreds."

The last time I saw the gentle-hearted old warrior was at the old Pennsylvania Station in Washington when he held the position of Commissioner of Civil Railways. I was going to fill a lecture engagement and his gracious benediction followed me.



GEN. WADE HAMPTON

## How to Add 10 Years to Your Life

By J. A. Husik, M. D.

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**"Man Is What He Eats."**

**A** GREAT thinker once said, "Man is what he eats." This epigram is physiologically true when made to read, "Man's general health depends largely upon what he eats. For, whereas life may be sustained by any regimen of diet, perfect health can be maintained only by a well balanced, nutritious, wholesome and a varied one. And where perfect health is maintained long life may be attained."

A well-balanced ration for the average man doing the average amount of mental and physical labor includes daily from twelve to sixteen ounces of starchy foods and sugars. To supply this large demand of the human organism for the carbohydrates, as these foods are called in chemistry, nature has provided an abundant variety of cereals, fruits and vegetables.

The greatest of all the cereals is bread. And its reputation as "the staff of life" has come down to us from ages gone by. Bread is a very important and wholesome foodstuff. It supplies not only large quantities of starch, but also considerable quantities of protein matter, which is the chief food element of meats.

Fruits and vegetables, however, are perfect health and prolong life.

First, some fruits are highly nutritious foods. Take the apple as an instance. The average sample of the ripe fruit contains 11 per cent of sugars. The raisin, which is only dried grape, holds fully 73 per cent of sugar. These fruits are therefore very rich in elements of nutrition.

The green vegetables, of course, supply only small quantities of food substance. But both the vegetables and the fruits are very beneficial to health, by virtue of their healthful physiological effects. The fruits by their odor and their delicious flavor, the vegetables by the freshness they impart to other foods with which they are eaten, all tend to stimulate the appetite and to aid the work of the digestive glands. In this manner the whole process of digestion is stimulated and strengthened.

Moreover, the large residues left in the intestinal tract by the green and fresh foods stimulate the muscular walls of the intestines.

Eat freely therefore of fruits and vegetables and you will have a good digestion, and in this manner maintain health and prolong life.

## The Man on the Road

By H. T. Battin.

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**ONE LIE AND OTHERS.**

**O**NE rainy afternoon I got into Alton, Ill., said the palama salesman, "and as I climbed into the hotel 'bus' the colored driver gave me some sensible advice."

"I see by your luggage that you are from New York. Mister, let me tell you all something: If you-all registers from New York they charge you three dollars a day."

"What do they charge otherwise?" I asked him.

"A dollar and a half—and most of them that I tell tips me," replied the colored man. I handed him a quarter and we drove to the hotel. I registered my name and wrote "Dallas, Tex.," after I turned and saw a large, hefty man standing with a broad grin, over me.

"Give me your hand, partner," he said. "You're the first man I have seen from my home town of Dallas in two years."

"Now, it happened that I had never been in Dallas, and I had registered from there because I thought it was sufficient distance from New York to get any cheap rate that was going."

"As soon as possible I sneaked away and went to a show. When I returned to the hotel after a couple hours of rapture I found my friend behind the desk. He was starting at the door."

"What's the matter?" I asked him.

"He was starting at the door."